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THE ART REVIEW

DEVOTED TO ART, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE.

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IN THE FIELDS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Once more amid your pleasant scenes, oh Northern fields and woods,
Your shining streams and sunny farms, and shady solitudes,

Your pastures with their grazing herds, content and sleek and mute,
Your fair long rows of orchard trees, a-drop with rosy fruit.

I pluck the brilliant golden-rod and asters at my feet,
I climb the vine-draped boulder, and pull the bitter-sweet,

I thread the deepest brookside dells to seek the gentian blue,
And in sweet Nature's youth and joy, am young and joyful too.

Oh wood-paths, wild wood-paths, in days remembered well,

I walked unsnared amid your toils, nor ever tripped nor fell;

O'er tangled stems and twisted roots I bounded lightly then

Sure-footed as the antelope in wildest mountain glen.

Alas, alas, my foot has lost the cunning of old days,

I stumble in the briery paths, I shun the rocky ways:

The brambles tear my careless hair, and try to hold me back,

The thorn-boughs stab me as I pass, then close and hide my track.

Oh, blackbird, glad blackbird, that warbles all the day

Among the laden orchards, the old familiar lay.

When last I strolled as now among the stubble of the wheat,

You scarcely ceased your whistling at the rustle of my feet;—

You scarcely flew before me, as I came more near and near,

But sat unscared and sung as though for me alone to hear;

While now you hear my greeting voice with wonder and affright,

With sudden sidelong glances, and swift suspicious flight.

Oh, squirrel in the oak-tree, where are your acorns stored?

I used to find your hiding-place and wonder at your hoard—

We were fast friends and playmates then—oh, wherefore shun me now,

And chatter small defiance from the tall tree's topmost bough?

Oh Nature, Mother Nature, with your soul so strong and true,

What fate has snapped the tender bond that kept me close to you?

The quick electric sympathy alive to thrill and tone,
Which made your thousand varying moods seem echoes of my own?

True, I have wandered far away from all I prized in youth.

But I have loved the forest still, with strong unswerving truth.

Amid the city's noise have heard the far-off song of streams.

And rambled all the well-known woods and hill-sides in my dreams.

Oh take me to your heart again, and give to me once more

The loving, pure, unworldly soul I had in days of yore,—

Shut all the tiresome world away, protect me and defend,
And be, as in my happier youth, my mother and my friend.

FINE ART IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

We have set on foot, with good prospect of success, two enterprises, both of generous plan, of which I think the results will be of the first importance to the education of our people in fine art. In the Western States you have some facilities for such enterprises such as we cannot rival, for you have white paper to write upon, while we have old blots to scratch out before we can begin. I believe that it will prove, that with the right local modifications in each State, the education of the people in fine art may be carried forward by such agencies as I will try to describe, so that the simplest of every-day people shall take satisfaction in daily artistic work, such as now our connoisseurs and critics cannot attain to.

The first of these agencies is the "Boston Art Museum." This institution is now taking form with prospects which a few years ago, we should all have thought beyond hope. It is the loyal union of several of our best institutions which now sets it in order, and they have the service of some very enthusiastic men to carry out their plans. The combination which brings about the new museum can be explained in a few words:

The BOSTON ATHENÆUM is an incorporated association, which for more than half a century has collected books, pictures and statues,—and has a creditable collection of all.

The BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY is an institution maintained by the city itself, at the public charge. It has, in a few years, become one of the largest libraries in the country, and has recently received, as a gift, one of the largest collections of prints,—known as the Tosti Collection, from Mr. Appleton. It has other collections of prints, one or two pictures and one or two statues.

HARVARD COLLEGE has for many years owned the Gray collection of prints,—one of the most choice in the country, or, indeed in the world.

The SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION, in trying to arrange for better instruction of the people in fine art, set on foot a subscription for the purchase ahead of casts of the best statues to be used in schools. Their committee, in determining where to put their collections, boldly persuaded all the three institutions I have named first, to consent to unite their art collections in one central museum. The truth is that none of them had room enough for the proper display of their treasures,—and yet no one of the three was in a condition to build.

We have so little land here fit for such buildings, that it is more than a piece of good fortune, that there was in reserve, a fifth power, which, like a good fairy, provided the site for the museum. A few public-spirited men here, a dozen or more years ago, persuaded the State of Massachusetts, with infinite difficulty, to enrich itself by turning into solid land, a mud-hole known as the "Back Bay," to the west of what was then Boston. It is now the very handsomest part of the city. The Legislature was of course wary; it suspected "Boston influence," it expected to be cheated, but, with the promise that the enterprise should pay all its own expenses,—and the certainty that no human being should profit as an individual by the work, with great hesitation it appointed the "Back Bay Commission,"

which has, between that time and this, created the finest part of Boston, and given a million of dollars, more or less, to the State to squander on its other enterprises. When this new land was still under water, different institutions began begging for pieces of it. The Natural History Society got one; the Technological Institution got another. And somebody, ahead of histime, pushed into the billa grant of a large square (still under wafer) for an "Institution of Art."

Well, this has now been firm land for years. Our great Coliseum was the first "Institution of Art" ever put on it. And now the trustees to whom it was granted are able to give it as a site for the new museum. The museum has been incorporated with an energetic board of trustees of its own, including officers from the four societies I have named. They contribute their collections,—so that, from the very beginning, a good nucleus is made,—and a subscription of two hundred thousand dollars is now on foot for the erection of a simple but substantial building on the site, which with such foresight was reserved for it. Of this sum one hundred and thirty thousand dollars had been subscribed before the summer drove people away from Boston. A Finance Committee of the very best of Boston has the matter in hand, and as soon as people return from sea, shore and woods, will "close up" the subscription. This is our first success.

The other is more directly in the line of education. I like to put on paper the name of the man who set it on foot, Mr. Francis C. Lowell,—who, with his kinsmen, Mr. John A. Lowell, the trustee of the Lowell Institution; Mr. James Russell Lowell, the poet, and, indeed, many others, keeps fresh in this generation the honors of the name which has fitly been given to the first great manufacturing city of America.

Mr. Lowell observed the necessity of higher culture of the people in fine art, if we are not to lose the precedence we boast in manufacture and in social order. He suggested, therefore, and, with some friends, carried through a memorial to the Legislature of 1869, asking for inquiry and legislation in the matter of public instruction in drawing in the manufacturing towns. The Board of Education was directed to report on the subject. Mr. Lowell and his friends appeared before it. Prof. Ware, of the Technological School, brought forward some very valuable suggestions derived from his experience, here and in Europe. The Board presented a report,—and this year's Legislature passed the following act, which is a completely new step on our system of public education:

SEC. 1. The first section of chapter thirty-eight of the general statutes is hereby amended, so as to include drawing among the branches of learning which are, by said section, required to be taught in the public schools.

SEC. 2. Any city or town may, and every city and town having more than ten thousand inhabitants shall annually make provision for giving free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to persons over fifteen years of age either in day or evening

schools under the direction of the school committee.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved May 16, 1870.

We must observe that this law provides not simply for drawing in the public schools, but for separate Art schools, free to men and women, as well as children, in all the towns of the State. It will encourage thorough work in drawing in so large a part of the State, that in a few years it shall have good teachers and good drawing in the public schools.

The Board of Education derived great advantage in this inquiry from Prof. Thomson, the head of the "Worcester Technical School," who explained the system there, which is based on the South Kensington system of the English Public Art Schools. I cannot but believe that, with the spirited supervision of the State board, and the help of such men as Prof. Thomson, Prof. Ware, Mr. Perkins and others who are intelligent enthusiasts on the subject, a system as effective as that of England, Belgium, France, Prussia or Austria, may grow up in Massachusetts.

The towns are beginning to make their arrangements under this statute. The city of Boston has directed its committee to engage a teacher in London from among the teachers who have been trained in the Kensington School. The city will at once establish three free drawing schools for adults, men and women. It has sustained one, in part, for ten years past. The new English teacher will be employed as a normal teacher, and all the teachers in the public schools will attend on his instructions, thus preparing themselves to carry out similar instruction to their pupils.

With such preparation we may hope that in another generation we may have the whole community educated to some ability in fine art, and a fit appreciation of it. At this moment I think I could count on the fingers of two hands all the men and women who can draw the human figure decently in all New England.

Boston, Sept. 18, 1870.

NIGHT ON THE BEACH:

A FRAGMENT.

(Suggestions for a Marine View.)

BY H. M. HUGUNIN.

I stood by Lake Michigan's wave,
On the low and desolate shore;
The surge, green and cold, like a grave,
Passed on with a terrible roar;—
A sound like a dirge—then a dash,
Like a cavalry charge in its haste—
The surf on the beach, with a crash,
Fell broken and spent in its waste.

Night came, and the vessel at sea,
With canvas all straining and torn,
Sped away from the land on her lee,
In the dimness a creature forlorn;—
A spirit whose hour has gone by,
In a moment she fled from my sight,
While shrill came the loon's wailing cry,
Borne aloft on the storm and the night.

CHICAGO, 1869.

OPPOSITIONS OF SCIENCE, FALSELY SO CALLED.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Well spoken, Paul, and after eighteen hundred years we are not much better off. Take out of our science all which is falsely so called, and the residuum, speaking scientifically, would be infinitesimal. "Why does the bill hit upon ninety-five millions?" asked one Representative of his neighbor, when Congress was discussing a bill for the Extension of the Currency.

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless because the earth is ninety-five millions of miles from the sun—dollar a mile."

And that is as valuable as a great deal of our scientific lore. So long as we talk about the stars and the gases, central fires and Supreme ether, we spin famously, for nobody can contradict, but the moment we descend into the region of human life and observation, science begins to wobble. You may tell me as authoritatively as you please that the smallest spot on the sun is fifty billions of miles in diameter, or that Neptune consists chiefly of hydrocyanic acid, and I can only make great eyes at you, and get my living by day's work all the same, while you go up and down in the newspapers for a *savant*, become an honorary member of all the learned societies, and wag a tail to your name twenty letters long. But when it comes to practical availability, it is your turn to make great eyes. I want to build a cot beside a hill where a bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear, and I call in vain upon the learned, far and near, to answer me the simple question: How many cisterns of water can there be in a round pot as big as a brick chimney torn down? Response is none, for the question is a practical one. You can measure the sun, hit or miss. A few millions of miles, more or less, will never be detected; but if my water-works run dry, ruin and disgrace impend. You do well not to commit yourself.

So, as the farmer said to his boys, I will even try it myself. We boast of our educational facilities in America, nor need we fear the bigot's rule while near the church spire stands the school, and all that. I am an American citizen, and surely I ought to be able to cipher out a cistern with the bricks before me. I wanted it eight feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet deep. But then came a drought, and I deepened it two feet. Then as the drought grew droughtier and doughtier, I extended my cistern, in my mind's eye, Horatio, two feet in all directions, and then the man came and said he made them round after the similitude of a pot. Very well. In our enlightened age and free country, we ought not to find it impossible to put a round man in a square place, and the problem was to make a round cistern big enough to hold ten feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet deep. Come up, now, common schools, free institutions, manhood suffrage, and tell me how big it must be. I take down Greenleaf's arithmetic. Seventeen hundred and twenty-eight inches make one foot. Plain sailing. Is there anything